

**BIG  
SHOT**

**No. 44**

**MARCH**

**10c**

# BIG SHOT



**SPARKY WATTS, THE SKYMAN, DIXIE DUGAN,  
JOE PALOOKA, THE FACE and many other favorites!**



**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



# 10 POWER TELESCOPE

Here's The Only FULL 10 POWER Telescope At This Price In America Today

It's Precision Built! Makes Far Away Objects Stand Out Clear—Sharp—BIG AS LIFE!

Here's the only full 10 POWER Telescope being offered in America today at the unheard-of low price of only \$1.49. Easily the most outstanding telescope value you'll find anywhere. You'd expect to pay up to \$10.00 and more for such power. And anyone who knows telescopes will tell you a good 10 Power telescope is worth all of that. But now, due to a fortunate purchase, we are able to offer you this 10 POWER Precision-built Telescope at a sensational bargain. Don't confuse it with small "weak-vision" telescopes. This one is high-powered and measures a full 16 inches. The lenses are of fine optically-ground polished glass—a product of one of America's leading optical houses. The case is durable and extends easily. Focuses instantly on stationary or moving objects—brings them 10 times closer. With the country at war, everybody needs a telescope like this—to spot airplanes, to identify distant objects, to bring into sharp, easy vision people, animals, signs, houses—which may be beyond the range of the naked eye. Valuable to Air Wardens, Boy Scouts, Sailors, Sportsmen. Ideal for fights, ball games, races, outdoor events. However, hurry! There's no telling how long we can continue to supply this precision built 10 POWER Telescope, at this amazingly low price. Once our present limited supply is gone, we can not repeat this offer again.

## SEND NO MONEY!

We don't ask you to send one penny to get this Precision built 10 POWER Telescope. Just fill out the handy coupon below and mail it to us today. When your telescope arrives, simply deposit \$1.49 with your postman plus a few pennies postage and C.O.D. charges. Then use the telescope for 10 full days without risk. Focus it on objects miles away. Have your friends try it. Convince yourself that here is a telescope anyone would be thrilled to have—you'll be proud to own. If after 10 days trial you're not positively delighted with the way this powerful telescope helps you to see great distances, we ask you to return it without delay and we will refund your money in full, no questions asked. Remember, we may not repeat this offer again—so hurry.

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So  
RUSH  
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Order  
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BRINGS  
OBJECTS  
10 TIMES  
CLOSER

Only  
**\$1.49**

Telescope  
Measures  
full  
16 inches  
in Length!

Mail This **NO-RISK COUPON Today!**

**ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART**  
Dept. 65 500 N. Dearborn Street  
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Gentlemen:—Please rush me your 10 POWER Telescope on your Special Offer. On arrival I will pay the postage only \$1.49 plus a few pennies postage and C.O.D. charges. It is understood that I can use the telescope for 10 full days at NO RISK. If then I am not positively pleased with it I may return it to you at that time and you are to refund my money in full.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_

☐ I enclose \$1.49 in advance to save postage and we will bill the balance. Please send me the 10 POWER Telescope and postage charges prepaid.

## FREE!



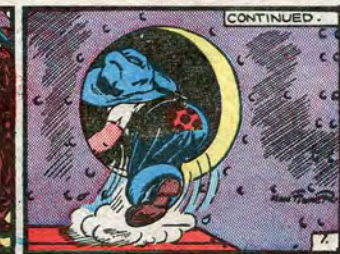
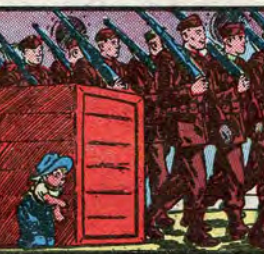
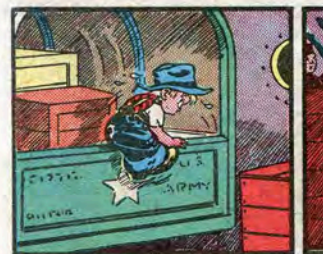
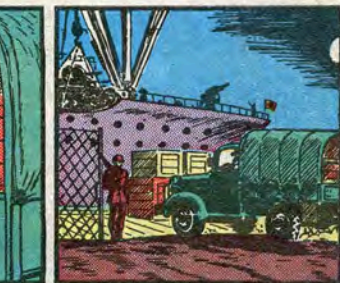
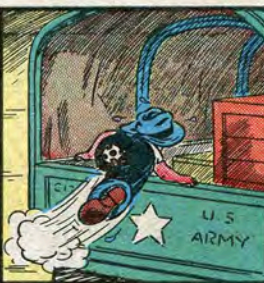
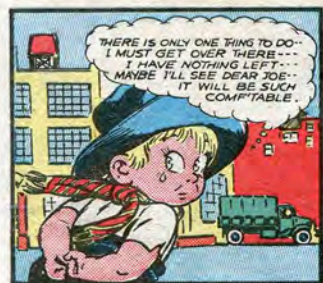
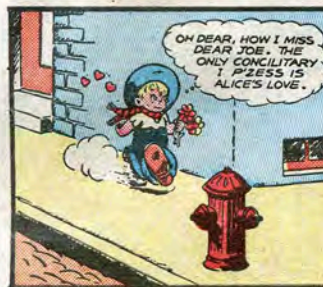
Rush the above order coupon at once and we will also include FREE a valuable Airplane Spotter's Chart showing 21 Allied and Axis planes. Helps you to easily identify these planes.

VINCENT SULLIVAN, Editor



## JOE PALOOKA

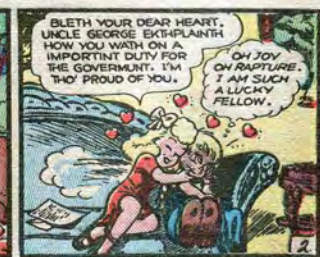
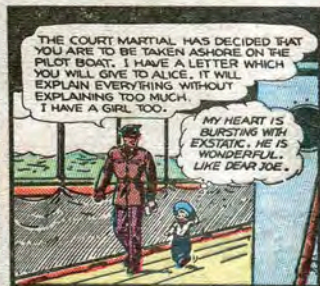
by HAM FISHER.





# JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.

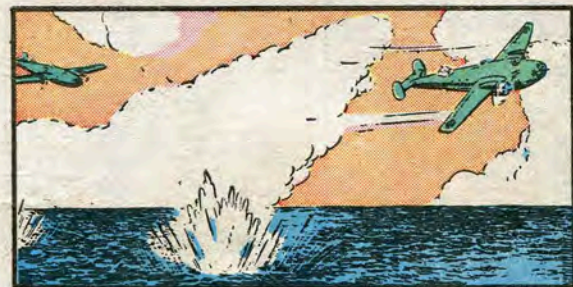
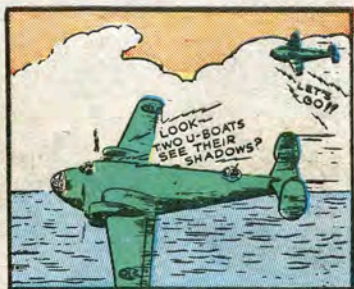




# BIG SHOT

# JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.



NEXT DAY





# JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.





# JOE PALOOKA

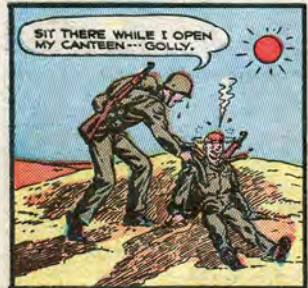
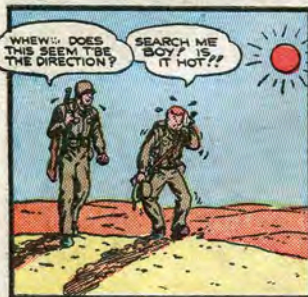
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# JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.





## ALL IN A LIFETIME

By  
FRANK BECK

Here's **NEWS!** A COMPLETE BOOK OF **MICKEY FINN**



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Same price for full length or bust form, and groups landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Original returned with your enlargement.

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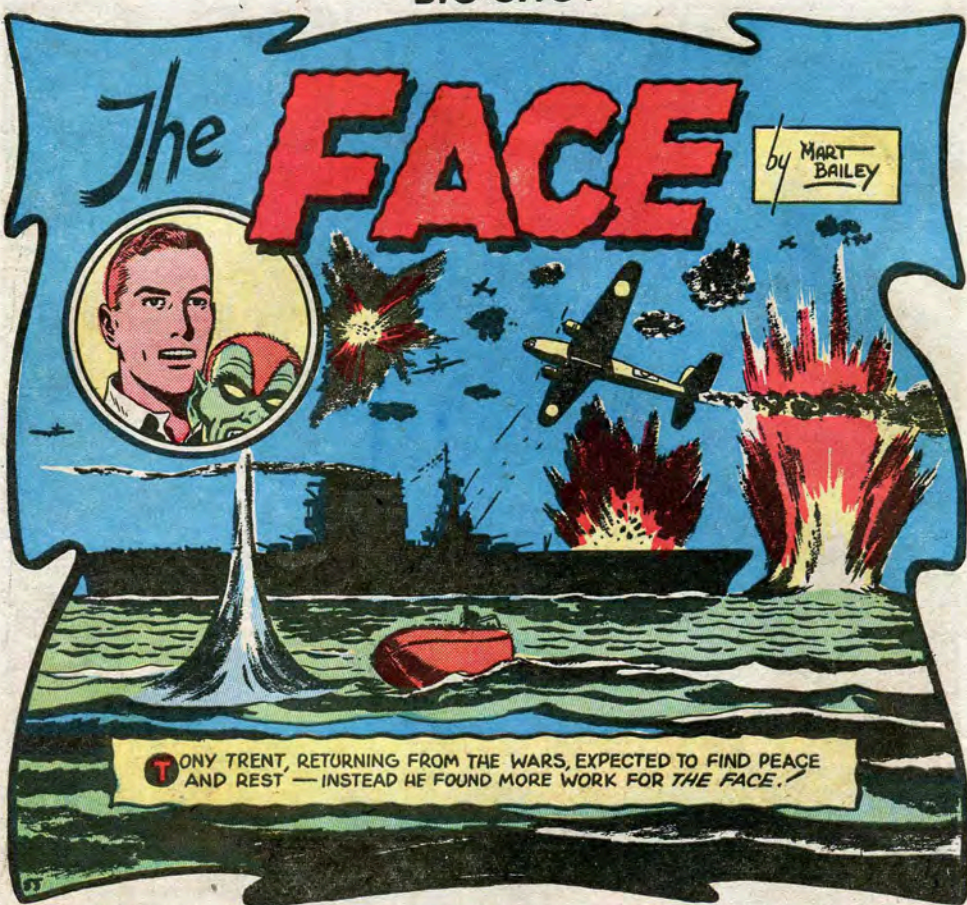
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# The FACE

by MART BAILEY



**T**ONY TRENT, RETURNING FROM THE WARS, EXPECTED TO FIND PEACE AND REST — INSTEAD HE FOUND MORE WORK FOR *THE FACE*.

BE GLAD TO GET ASHORE AGAIN, TONY?

YOU BET, BOB. NICE TO HAVE SOME PEACE AND QUIET AGAIN.



**B**UT FATE PLANS DIFFERENTLY... THE WATER IS SUDDENLY CHURNED AND GEYSERED AND AND BLASTED BY TREMENDOUS EXPLOSIONS.





# BIG SHOT

JAP BOMBERS!



**A** WALL OF BURSTING ACK-ACK IS HASTILY FLUNG UP, BUT THE ENEMY BOMBERS CONTINUE ON TARGET....



THE CARRIER HAS BEEN HIT!

LOOK OUT! DUCK!



**S**WEEPING LOW, TWO OF THE JAPS MACHINE-GUN THE LITTLE BOAT AND ITS DEFENSELESS PASSENGERS....



THE ROTTEN RATS!

HOLD IT, BOB— YOU CAN'T HURT A BOMBER WITH A PISTOL!



**T**HE NEXT MOMENT, THE TWO JAP PLANES DISINTEGRATE IN TWIN EXPLOSIONS.



WELL, I'LL BE A MONKEY'S GRANDFATHER! ME, TOO!





# BIG SHOT

ON THE ISLAND, AN ACK-ACK BATTERY CONGRATULATES ITSELF UPON ITS MARKSMANSHIP.

BOY-OH-BOY —  
A TWO-BAGGER!

I'D NEVER  
BELIEVE IT,  
IF I HADN'T  
SEEN IT.

YOU SHOULD  
SEE ME GO  
TO TOWN  
WITH A  
FLIT GUN!

OUR FIGHTERS ARE  
CHASING THE JAPS  
— LOOK AT THEM SCRAM!



THE FLAT TOP  
SEEMS TO  
HAVE THE FIRE  
UNDER CONTROL.

YEAH—BUT I'D  
LIKE TO KNOW  
HOW THE NIPS  
TIMED THEIR  
RAID SO  
ACCURATELY!



THE ENEMY  
MUST HAVE AN  
EFFICIENT SPY  
SYSTEM IN  
THESE PARTS.

LOOKS THAT WAY.  
LATELY THEY  
APPEAR INFORM-  
ED OF EVERY  
MOVE WE MAKE.



TONY, I WANT  
YOU TO MEET A  
FELLOW WAR  
CORRESPONDENT  
— MY COUSIN  
FRANK.

HOWDY, TRENT.  
I'VE BEEN  
HEARING A LOT  
ABOUT YOU  
FROM YOUR  
FRIENDS AT THE  
ROBBERS' ROOST.



ROBBERS'  
ROOST.  
— WHAT'S  
THAT?

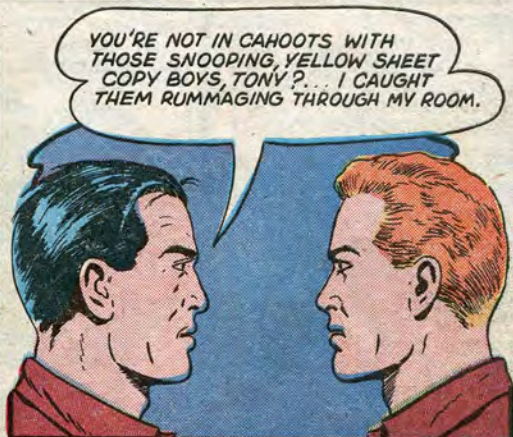
A QUIET SPOT IN THE  
HILLS—A HOUSE WE  
NEWSHOODS TOOK OVER  
FOR A PEACEFUL RETREAT.  
WE'LL GO THERE AS  
SOON AS WE GET THE  
STORY ON THE BOMBING.



SOME TIME LATER—AS THEY DRIVE UP—ONE  
OF THE TENANTS MAKES A NOISY AND  
SPECTACULAR DEPARTURE FROM THE ROBBERS'  
ROOST. ...

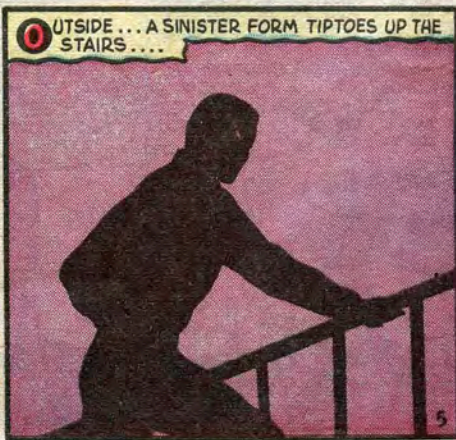


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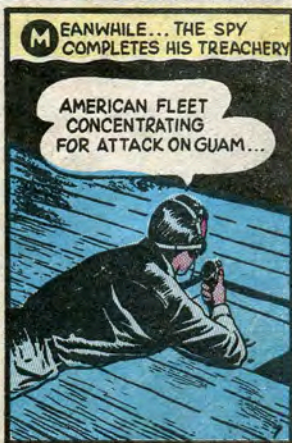


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NEXT — "MISSING IN ACTION"



# SPARKY WATTS



IN THE TOWN OF BOLOGNA, IMPORTANT RAIL CENTER OF A ONE-TIME ENEMY TERRITORY, A NEW GENERAL OF OCCUPATION ARRIVES AT U.S. HEADQUARTERS



JUST A MINUTE, LIEUTENANT! WHAT GOES ON IN HERE?



I'M SPARKY WATTS, SIR... I CAN DO ANYTHING!



SPUTTER-SPUTTER! WHAT'S THIS? A JOKE OF SOME KIND? WHY ISN'T THE MAN WORKING?

IT'S TRUE, SIR... HE CAN DO ANYTHING... HE'S LOADED WITH COSMIC RAYS... HE'S EQUAL TO A DIVISION OF TROOPS... HE'S JUST AWAITING ORDERS!



AWAITING ORDERS, ARE YOU? CAN DO ANYTHING, CAN YOU? OKAY! I'VE GOT A LITTLE JOB IN MIND THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

THEY'RE THE KIND OF JOBS I LIKE TO DO, GENERAL!

GENERAL J. SMYTH SMITHERS

PRIVATE

SPARKY IS CLOSETED WITH THE GENERAL FOR AN HOUR RECEIVING INSTRUCTIONS...



I THINK I'VE GOT IT ALL, GENERAL... I'D BETTER TAKE OFF AT ONCE!



GREAT SCOTT! HE DID!



# BIG SHOT

CAN IT BE POSSIBLE HE REALLY CAN REACH THAT TRAIN IN THE BENDER PASS IN TIME? I SAID IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE BECAUSE NO PLANE CAN FLY THOSE 700 MILES IN AN HOUR!



MEANWHILE, BECAUSE OF HIS "BOILER PLATE" LUNG TISSUES, SPARKY SCARS EASILY THRU THE STRATOSPHERE WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT...



WHAT AM I RUSHING FOR? I'VE GOT LOADS OF TIME... THINK I'LL DROP DOWN AND BLAST A COUPLE OF HOSTILE PLANES.



SPOTTING A GERMAN PLANE, SPARKY MEETS IT HEAD-ON AS THE BULLETS BOUNCE OFF HIS ARMORED TORSO...



NOW, I'LL JUST HOLD MY HAND OVER HIS GUN SO THE BULLETS CAN'T COME OUT AND SEE WHAT HE DOES!!



NOW TO BREAK OFF HIS PROPELLER SO HE'LL GO INTO A STALL...



AND THAT'S THAT!



...AND WITH THIS GUY, I'LL JUST TWIST OFF HIS TAIL RUDDER...



AND NOW TO GET ON TO THE BENDER PASS!

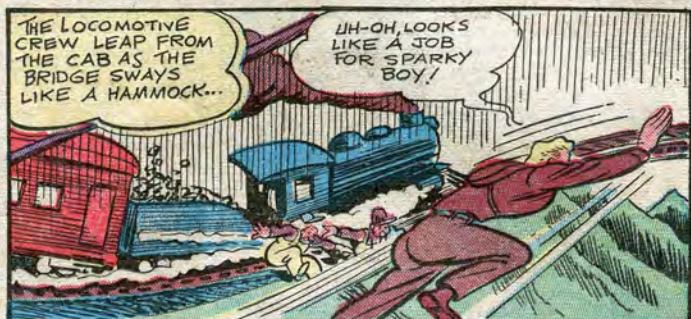
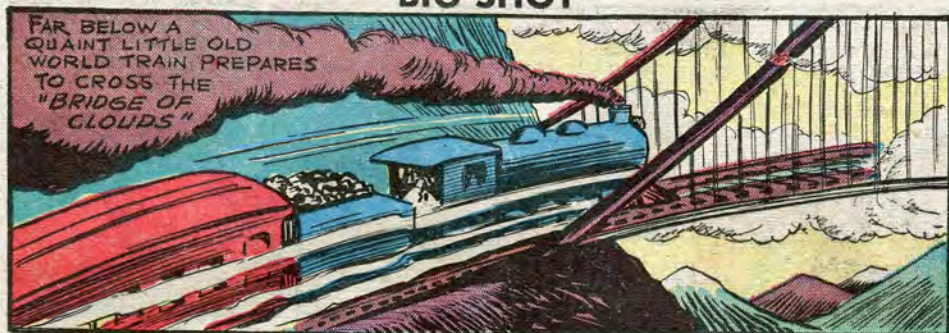


AH! THAT MUST BE IT DOWN THERE IN THE BALKY MOUNTAINS!!



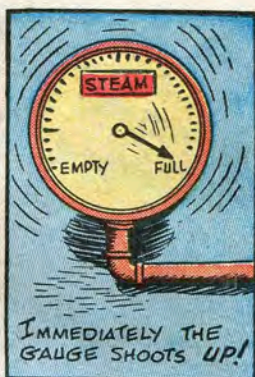
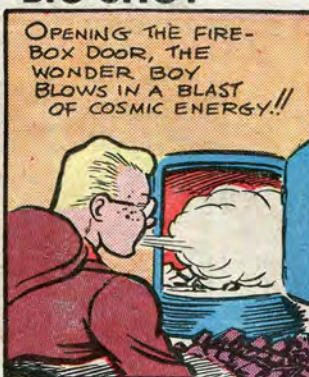


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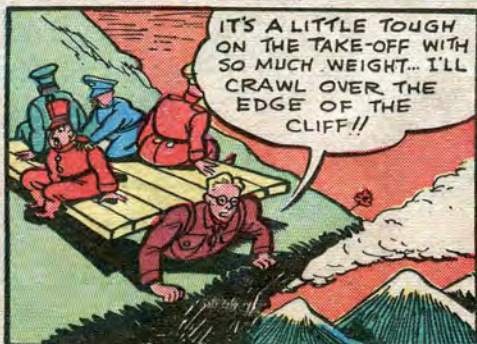


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# BIG SHOT





BIG SHOT

# CAPT Yank

By FRANK TINSLEY

**P**REVENTED FROM STOPPING DR. LIN'S MAD DASH INTO A JAP OUTPOST, YANK ANGRILY ACCUSES WING OF BEING AN ENEMY AGENT...

**A**T HER COMMAND, HE IS STRUCK DOWN FROM BEHIND BY HER HENCHMEN...

YOU KNOW WHERE TO TAKE HIM - **HURRY!**



THE NOISY YANKEE ALMOST SPOILED MY SCHEME...QUICK, TAKE HIM THIS WAY!



OH!! MY HEAD... SAY - WHERE AM I, ANYWAY? HOW DID I GET INTO THIS RAT-HOLE?



**LOCKED IN!** HMM... I REMEMBER NOW! WONDER IF THAT CUTE LITTLE CUTTHROAT HAS TURNED ME OVER TO HER JAP FRIENDS!!??



FIRST WING STEERS LIN INTO A JAP TRAP - AND NOW ME! THAT LITTLE PONEEY SURE PLAYED ME FOR A **SUCKER!**



WONDER WHAT KIND OF A CALABOOSE THIS IS, ANYWAY? HMM... HERE COMES ANOTHER CHAIN GANG OF UNFORTUNATE CHINESE...



**HEY!** - THAT LOOKS LIKE WING RUNNING UP TO ONE OF THE OLD CHINAMEN!

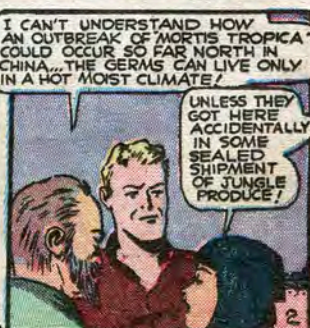
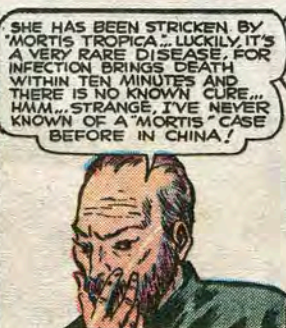


**WELL, I'LL BE!** IF I HADN'T SEEN HIM BAYONETED BEFORE MY OWN EYES, I'D SWEAR THAT OLD MAN IS **DR. LIN!**





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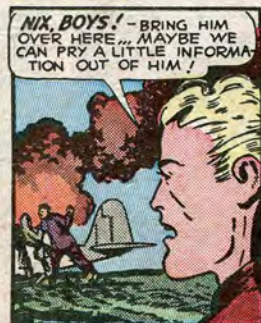
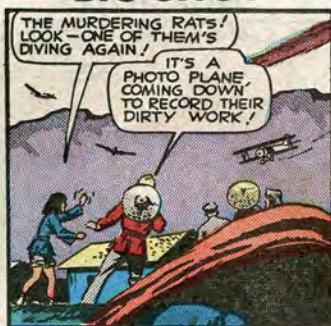


# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT



**MORE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN YANK IN THE NEXT ISSUE!**



# BIG SHOT

# BOO

BY FRANK BECK

THE  
EDITOR  
OF THE  
LOCAL  
PAPER  
WANTS  
AN  
INTERVIEW  
WITH  
JUNIOR..

HURRY AND SCRUB UP..  
I'LL BRUSH YOUR HAIR  
AND FIX YOUR  
TIE FOR YOU..

IMAGINE.  
THE EDITOR  
OF THE  
PAPER  
CALLING  
ON ME..

WELL.. I NEVER THOUGHT  
I'D DO THIS.. BUT WE  
WANT BO TO MAKE  
A GOOD IMPRESSION  
ON THE EDITOR TOO..

THERE'S THE  
DOORBELL,  
MOM..

SIT STILL -  
YOUR FATHER  
WILL GO TO  
THE DOOR..

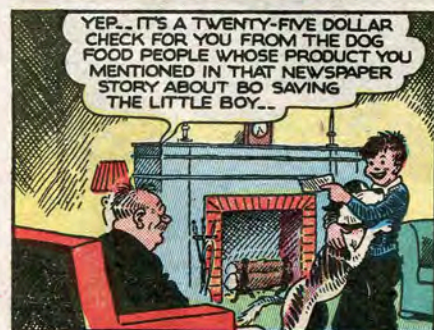
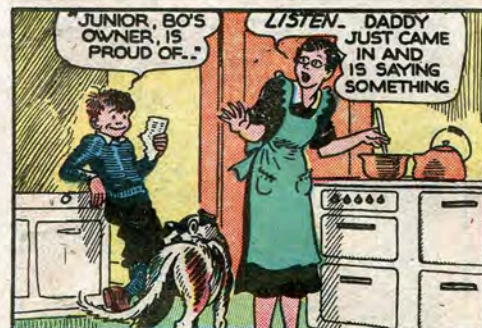
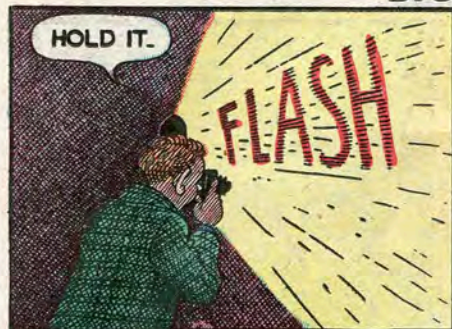
HOWDY. I'M A REPORTER  
FROM THE CLARION -  
IS JUNIOR  
GREEN HOME ?

YEP.. YEP.. YOU'VE TOLD ME HOW  
BRAVE YOUR DOG IS.. NOW WHAT'S  
THE NAME OF THIS SCHOOL THAT  
HAD THE PET SHOW.. AND THE  
KID YOUR  
DOG SAVED.

THE CLARION MAY USE A PICTURE  
SO STAND HERE BY YOUR DOG--  
AND MUSS THIS HAIR  
UP SO YOU'LL  
LOOK NATURAL.

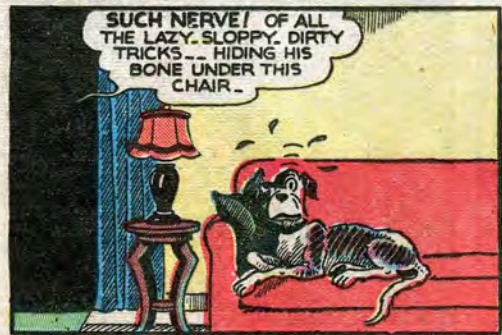


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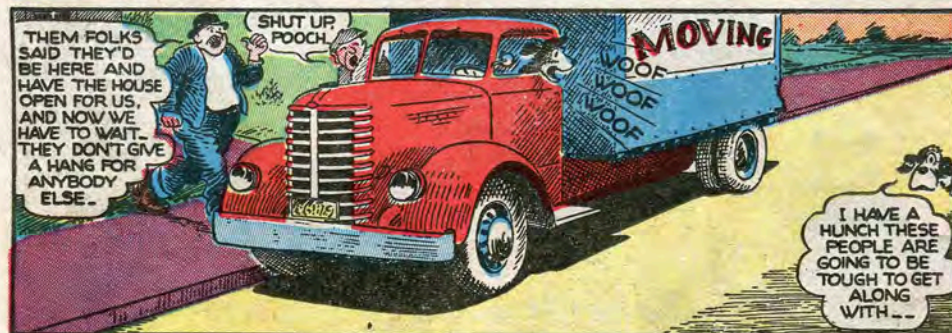
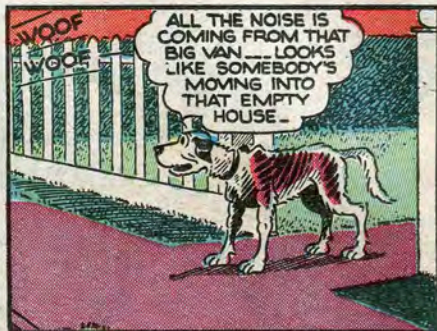
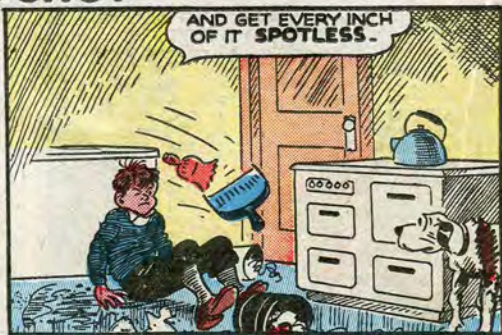
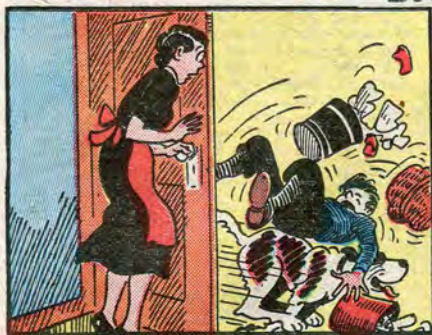


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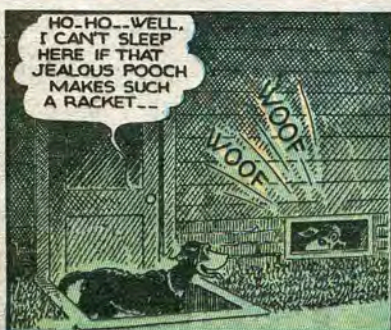
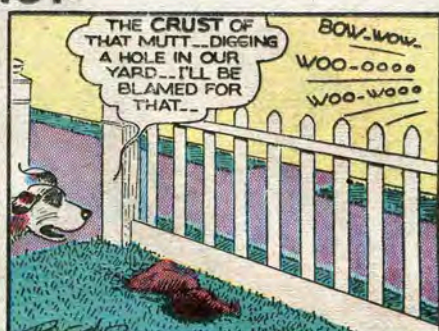


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# BIG SHOT



MORE OF BO AND THE NEW DOG IN THE NEXT ISSUE...



# Charlie Chan

Alfred  
ANDRIOLA

ACCIDENTALLY DISCOVERING THE SECRET WAVE-LENGTH THE FOREIGN SPIES ARE USING, SPARKS TRIES ONCE AGAIN TO INTERCEPT THEIR MESSAGES, AS CHARLIE, GINA AND KIRK STAND BY INTENTLY...

RADIO IS STRANGELY QUIET, SPARKS!

AS SOON AS I SET UP AN AERIAL, I'LL TRY IT! THE DIALS ARE SET EXACTLY!

I'D CALL THIS STREAM-LINED WIRE-TAPPING, EH, MARTIN?

WIRELESS TAPPING, YOU MEAN!

QUIET! I'VE GOT SOMETHING!

...INDUSTRIAL SABOTAGE TOO SLOW! SWIFT DESTRUCTION IS NECESSARY...

WHILE IN THE HIDEAWAY OF THE SPIES

WE MUST MOVE TO DESTROY THE GREAT ARSENALS—IMMEDIATELY!

OUR AGENTS EVERYWHERE ARE SO INSTRUCTED! THEY ARE READY!

DID YOU HEAR THAT, CHARLIE?

THE SPIES ARE GOING TO BOMB OUR ARSENALS!

SO THEY SAY!

THEIR WORDS ARE WARNING! ENEMIES MUST BE CAUGHT BEFORE THEY STRIKE!

WELL, CHARLIE! LET'S DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

WE'D BETTER! THOSE SPIES ARE CLOSE BY! WE'VE PICKED THEM UP TWICE WITHOUT AN AERIAL!

GINA! STAY HERE! SPARKS—KIRK—THIS HUMBLE PERSON—WE GO NOW TO FIND ENEMY SPIES!

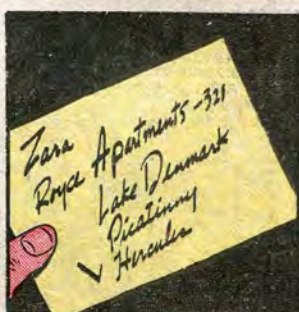
WHILE I STAY HERE ALONE AND KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING—OH PHOOEY!

HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO KNOW A SPY—IF WE DO MEET ONE, CHARLIE!

DO THEY LOOK DIFFERENT, SORT OF—?

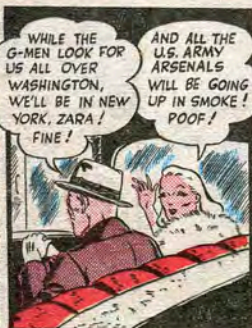


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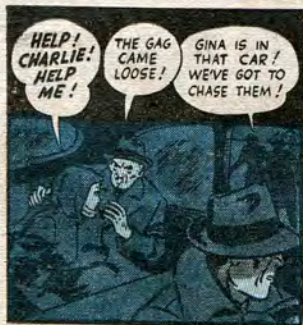
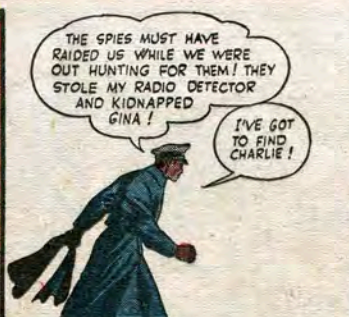


# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT



# JORDAN

By PAINE and WEXLER

**VIC** IS TRAPPED  
IN THE SECRET  
ROOM WITH THE  
NAZI SPY.....

STOP  
STALLING,  
JORDAN!

EMIL, READ OFF  
OUR MEMBERSHIP  
LIST. I NEED IT  
FOR MY FILES.

WHAT THE—? VIC  
KNOWS WE DON'T KEEP  
A LIST. HMMM. MAYBE  
HE'S BEING CRYPTIC!

PLEASE REPEAT. THE  
STATIC'S SOMETHING AWFUL  
SUN SPOTS, NO DOUBT!

OKAY, I'LL  
THROW IT IN  
HIGH. WIGGLE  
YOUR EARS IF  
I'M TOO  
LOUD!

PLEASE—READ—OFF—  
THE—ORGANIZATION—  
MEMBERSHIP—LIST,  
EMIL.

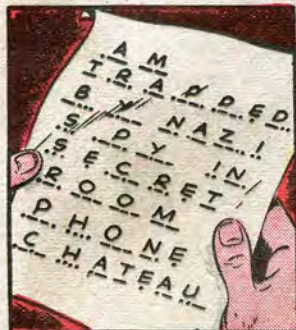
THAT CLICKING—  
IT SOUNDS FAMILIAR!

HOW'S THE RECEPTION,  
EMIL?

PERFECT!  
THE DEVIL! VIC'S  
SENDING A MESSAGE  
IN CODE!



# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT

EET-EET EES LIKE  
A DREAM, VIC! GODFREY  
WAS SO PLEASANT—  
EETS HARD TO  
BELIEVE HE WAS  
A NAZI SPY!

EMIL-THANKS  
PAL! EVERYTHINGS  
UNDER CONTROL...  
ALL SAFE. WILL  
CONTACT  
LATER.

GOOD WORK, ADRIENNE.  
YOU SAVED MY LIFE,  
AND THE WHOLE  
UNDERGROUND  
SET-UP HERE

VIC—I—I  
KEELED HEEM.  
BUT I GOT YOU  
INTO ZIS  
MESS!

—YOU TOLD  
HAWKS ABOUT  
THE SECRET  
ROOM! HOW  
COME,  
ADRIENNE?

I WAS ANGRY WEETH  
YOU. JUST WHY—SEEMS  
SO UNIMPORTANT NOW.  
NOTHEINGS EES  
IMPORTANT BUT ZAT  
YOU ARE ALIVE AND ZAT  
NAZI CHEAT IS  
DEAD!

OKAY. THAT SHOT WAS THE PAYOFF  
BETWEEN YOU AND HIM AND ME  
NOW GRAB SOME SHUTEYE, WHILE  
I TAKE THE LATE LIEUTENANT  
HAWKS FOR A TRIP TO POTTER'S  
FIELD!

FEW DAYS AFTER THE DEATH OF  
KARL KOENIG, ALIAS 'LEFTENANT HAWKS'

WHAT'S DIS, VIC—  
A BOARD  
MEETIN'?

RIGHT, MARTY!  
AND THE MOTION IS  
TO LIE LOW. THERE'S  
A BARE CHANCE  
HAWKS TIPPED  
OFF THE GESTAPO.

PROFESSOR ROY HAS ARRANGED  
TO WORK WITH THE MARSEILLES  
GROUP. YOU'LL GO WITH HIM, MARTY.  
ADRIENNE, A REST WOULD DO YOU  
GOOD. I'D SUGGEST  
BRITTANY....

BABETTE CAN STAY HERE  
SINCE THIS IS HER REAL  
HOME. I'M GOING TO  
PARIS.

AND I'LL DO MY  
HIDING IN CORNWALL  
WHERE THE BRITISH  
SECRET SERVICE WON'T  
BE ABLE TO FIND ME  
FOR A MONTH—I  
HOPE!

SWELL SUE!!! LET'S  
GET PACKED BEFORE  
VON SCHROEDER  
DROPS IN FOR A  
HAND OF PINOCHE!

AM I STILL IN THE  
DOG-HOUSE, ADRIENNE—  
OR MAY I SAY  
GOODBYE?

GOODBYE!

BR-R-R-R

A KISS FROM SUE  
MIGHT WARM  
YOU, NO?

SO, THAT'S IT! YOU SAW  
US KISSING—AND TRIED  
TO PAY ME OFF BY  
THROWING US ALL TO  
THE WOLVES!

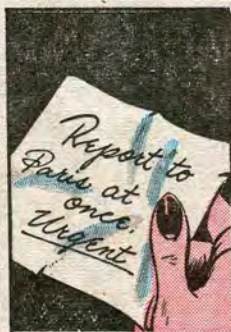
VIC!  
I DIDN'T  
REALIZE..

LET'S TABLE IT,  
ADRIENNE. THIS  
MAY BE FOR KEEPS....  
NOW, SMILE!

Y-YES,  
VIC!



# BIG SHOT





# HOLLYWOOD HUSBAND

BY  
JEFF MACHAMER

HIS WIFE'S  
IN PICTURES!





# BIG SHOT RETURN TO MINDANAO

**L**T. BILLY RANKIN hit the silk without waiting to see if the Hellcat's bullet-sawed wing would rip all the way off. The speedy little Grumman was tumbling and darting like a crazy canary, and it was only a matter of time before it would shatter itself on the dark shores of Mindanao's western mountains. It had taken more than its share of Japanese gun-fire, and it was just about done.

He plunged down through gusts of driving rain, tumbling over and over as he dropped until, judging it carefully, he yanked the ripcord. The little pilot chute dragged the yards of whipping silk from its pack, the scalloped rim caught the rushing air and the huge white umbrella mushroomed above his head. Rankin's downward race was checked violently, as though a giant hand had seized him and jerked him upward and the straps of his harness cut at his back. For the briefest of instants he swayed dizzily; then his earthward fall resumed. It was much slower now but still it seemed that he was dropping with express train speed.

The rain lashed at his face, blinding him. The same rain that had swept out of nowhere and hid the sea from his straining eyes when, with his compass shot away and the Hellcat shaking its wings off, he had sought to find his carrier. He wiped a hand across his eyes, and tried to peer down through the murk of the storm. Lightning blazed across the sullen sky, and in the bluish glare something huge and terrifying loomed across his blurring vision. It looked like a stubby whale with an abnormally lengthened dorsal fin, and it was rushing straight for him! A shudder of superstitious fear shook him before he recognized the thing for what it was; after that, a more practical panic froze his chest muscles. It was

the Hellcat tipped on its side, one wing gone and the other sticking straight up, that was slashing towards him through the tempestuous air!

Rankin tugged frantically at the lines of his parachute, trying to collapse the vast canopy in order to drop away from that insensate machine that was bearing down upon him. He succeeded partially but he could tell that it was not enough. He shut his eyes and tensed himself for the smashing shock that would obliterate him.

It came but it was not quite what he had expected. He was jerked savagely, excruciating pain shot through his shoulder and he went spinning through the air for all the world as though he were rolling down a hill. He heard a sharp report and a short, hissing ripping sound. After that he dropped like a stone. His eyes were still tightly shuttered when he hit. He heard, or felt, or imagined, a dreadful slam and he knew no more.

\* \* \*

**L**T. RANKIN thought he was dreaming. It seemed he was a child again, snug and warm in soft blankets in the drowsy peace of the nursery, with the soothing melody of his mother's lullaby crooning in his ears. And then he was restless, because his mother's song sounded sad. He felt like crying.

He opened his eyes and shut them again instantly, terrified. A dark, deep-lined face with sunken eyes and toothless gums, was bending over him and from the puckered, red-stained mouth a rhythmic lament issued. A low and wailing chant that had in it the sorrow and pain of ages. Suddenly the woeful song broke off and a shrill jabbering replaced it.

"Fleen! Fleen! Fleen!" Three times the word was repeated and then came a stream of high-

pitched gibberish that somehow struck a familiar chord in Rankin's memory. He opened his eyes again.

This time the picture was clearer. The dark face, he saw, belonged to an ancient crone in a crimson robe and the chatter from her withered, betel-stained lips was nothing but one of the inland Moro dialects of Mindanao. She had her head turned sideways, to call over her shoulder. Looking that way himself, the aviator saw a broad, erect form approaching. The form was a silhouette against a reddish glow, a glow which Rankin suddenly recognized as that which streamed from the setting sun.

"Fleen! Fleen!" the old woman babbled and pointed a skinny finger at Rankin's eyes. Instinctively he shrank away from the bony digit and this movement caused him to realize that his dream had not been a dream at all. He was wrapped in blankets, snugly and warmly although all his clothing except his shorts had been completely removed. Down near his feet there was a concentration of heat. A hot rock wrapped in cloth, he figured.

He was alive, then, and in friendly hands, although he could not imagine how he had escaped destruction. But this minor problem was soon solved for him.

"How ya feeling, boy?"

It was the broad figure crouching beside him now, and at the sound of the American words Rankin's heart made itself felt once more.

"I seem to be okay," he said, a bit uncertainly. "But where I am now and how I got here, I don't quite know. And who you can be," he added, "I can't imagine."

There was a chuckle and Rankin strove to discern the features of the man who was



## BIG SHOT

bending over him. But the other had his back to the rapidly fading light, so that aviator was unable to get more than a shadowy impression of a square-built face with extraordinarily bushy brows and a heavy growth of beard.

"Sure, those are all easy questions to answer," the man said. "You got here by the grace of God, Who saw to it that your airplane only clipped the top of your parachute and never touched you, and Who then let you drop only a fairish distance into the Cotabato River, from which we fished you as quickly as we could. And as as who we are—well, my name's Jim Flynn, formerly of the Philippine Constabulary and now a sort of small-time general in the Fil-American Guerrillas. And your nurse here is old Tarhatu, a real live witch woman of the Moros. There are more of us but they're mostly busy right now. It seems the Jap commander at Fort Pikit is a bit annoyed with us, so he's sent a life-size expedition out to hunt us down . . . But maybe I'm giving you too much at once?"

Rankin grinned and shook his head.

"I think maybe I am," the other said. "So we'll stop now and feed you a bit of chicken *adobo*—because we'll be moving along shortly and there's no telling when we'll eat again!"

LATE THAT NIGHT, Jim Flynn's guerrillas moved out of their temporary camp and when they left, Billy Rankin marched with them. It was an oddly assorted band that followed the bushy-browed Irishman. There were four American army men, who had somehow escaped Bataan, some Bagobos from the hills, a group of Ifugao headhunters from Luzon, several small Negrito bushmen and a clan of Bukidnons whose homes were built in trees in the fastnesses of Mindanao itself. In addition, there were the Moros, eight of them, fierce and dignified and holding themselves aloof from all the rest. In all, forty men, and old Tarhatu, trod the jungle earth of Cotabato Province with Flynn. There were

more guerrillas, Rankin learned, but the rest had taken to the hills, deliberately leaving a wide, easily followed trail for the Jap expedition from Fort Pikit. It was not Flynn's intention, the aviator discovered, to cut and run for it. Instead, the former constable planned to strike a blow of his own.

"The way I figure it, Lieutenant," Flynn explained, "the Nips, who really ain't such great shakes in the jungle, no matter what you hear, will be wandering all over Mindanao, getting misdirected by the natives, stumbling into the mouths of crocodiles, and things like that. And when they do hit the trail of our main party, they'll follow it until they get tired, or until they decide there are too many poisoned arrows flying through the woods. So then they'll give up and return to Fort Pikit, where they'll report a glorious victory to their boss.

"But! While they're browsing around in the jungles, we'll be striking the seacoast—the last place in the world any of the monkeys will expect us to show up when there's an expedition out after us! And there's a quiet little cove on the coast, which the Japs are using for a seaplane base . . ."

They struck at dawn, in the immemorial tradition of woods fighters the world over. And Rankin, accustomed to the remote, almost impersonal combat of the skies, was somewhat horrified as he witnessed desperate battle hand-to-hand. First the little pagans went slithering through the forest and the Japanese sentries died silently, with brightly colored twists of cloth tight about their throats. And then the Moros went yelling into a small bamboo barracks, swinging their gleaming bolos.

"Sounds like one of their old-time *juramentados*!" Flynn said to Rankin; and blazed away with an old Springfield at three half-dressed Japs who were running towards a machine-gun set up near a store of oil drums. Two of the Japs fell and as the third reached the gun, Rankin's automatic cut him down. But already two of the American soldiers from Luzon were racing

towards the drums, lighted torches in their hands. A minute later, and vivid orange flame, sickly tinged with black, was leaping towards the lightning sky.

"Flynn! Look!" Rankin's left hand pointed towards the water of the little cove. "A Mitsubishi Navy G-97!"

"And what might that be?" the other asked.

"A Jap torpedo plane!" the aviator told him. "If it's gassed up, I can fly it to one of our islands and get back in the fight again!"

The Irishman looked at him quizzically.

"And what do you think you're in now?" A Japanese bullet, snicking the trunk of a nearby kapok tree, underlined the question.

"This isn't my kind of fighting!" Rankin cried. "Come on! I want that ship!"

Flynn's strong hand gripped the younger man's wrist, held him where he stood.

"Wait, boy. It's too late. You see—*There!*"

Out in the cove, a sheet of flame flared suddenly, enveloping the Mitsubishi. Rankin stood numbly, watching the unexpected destruction of the aircraft that a moment ago had lifted his heart with hope.

"A couple of my Moros did that, Lieutenant. Swam out and set her afire. It's one of our specialties—and we have a lot of them. You'll learn them, son, and you'll learn too that there's more than one way to fight a war! . . . Come, now, we're leaving. Our job here is done—and there's a village down the coast . . ."

And suddenly, inexplicably, Rankin's heart lifted again. Flynn was right. Two little Ifugaos, each carrying something that looked like a coconut, were trotting out of the blazing shambles that remained for the Japs to shake their heads over; and the aviator saw that at least two Nipponese would not have any heads to shake.

"Roger, General Flynn!" he said, and put out his hand.

THE END

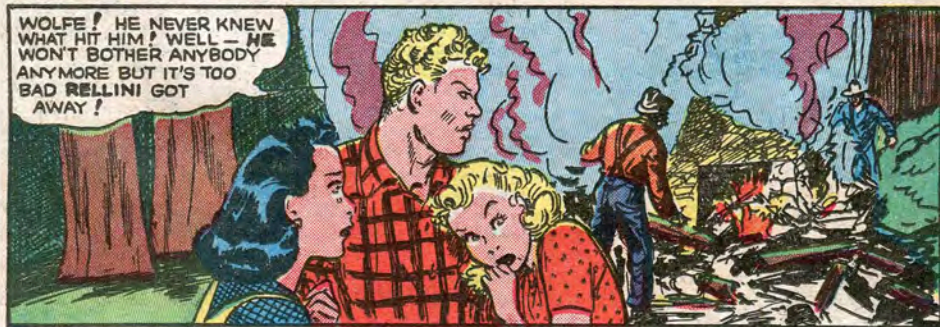
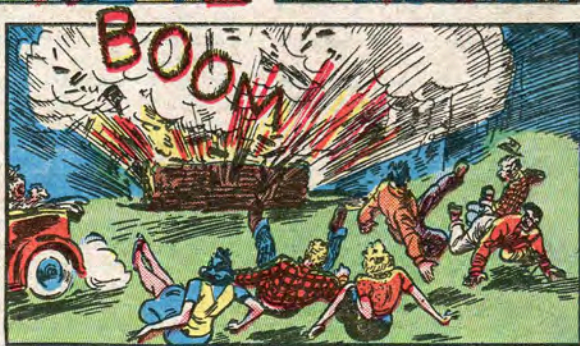


**BIG SHOT**

# DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY  
and  
J. H. STRIEBEL

AFTER FORCING MR. WOODS TO SIGN OVER HIS TIMBERLAND TO THEM, WOLFE AND RELLINI SET FIRE TO THE CABIN....  
BUD HALE RUSHES TO MR. WOODS RESCUE.





# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT



THIS TIME I INSIST YOU STAY IN YOUR ROOMS — STORY OR NO STORY!

O.K., MR. HALE!

DON'T WORRY! WE CAN TAKE A HINT!



I HATE TO SEE HIM LEAD THE HUNT, DIXIE! HE'S SO BIG HE'S TOO MUCH OF A TARGET FOR RELLINI!

PROVIDING HE DOESN'T SEE RELLINI FIRST! HALE IS TRAINED FOR THE WOODS AND RELLINI ISN'T!



IT SHOULDN'T TAKE THEM VERY LONG TO FIND HIM — HE CAN'T GET VERY FAR IN THIS STUFF!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT —



— HE'S PROBABLY SO FAR FROM HERE BY THIS TIME THEY'LL NEVER FIND HIM! ANYWAY THAT'S WHAT I'M HOPING!



ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR — AND I DON'T PARTICULARLY LOVE THAT PAIR! THEY'VE MESSED UP MY PLANS — BUT NOW —



GET OUT OF THE WOODS AS QUICKLY AS YOU CAN! WE WON'T START UNTIL YOU DO!

O.K.

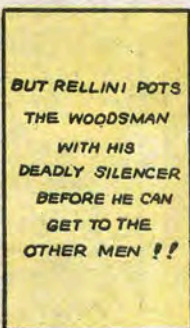
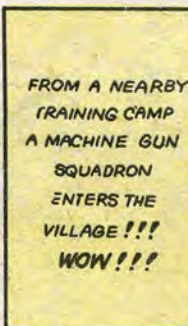


WHAT A BREAK! I WANT HIM WORSE THAN I DO THOSE DAMES! AND WITH THIS SILENCER I'LL SILENCE HIS BIG MOUTH FOR ONCE AND ALL!





# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT

**BUD**  
HALE  
AND  
HIS  
MEN  
FINALLY  
MANAGE  
TO  
CRAWL  
TO  
A  
SAFE  
SPOT  
!



**RELLINI**  
IS  
SEEING  
THINGS,  
TOO  
!





# BIG SHOT



MORE  
IN  
THE  
NEXT  
ISSUE





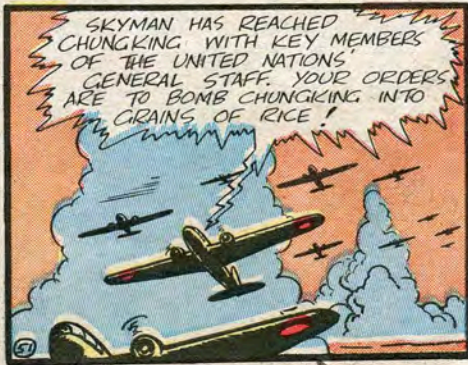
BIG SHOT

# The SKYMAN

by PAUL DEAN

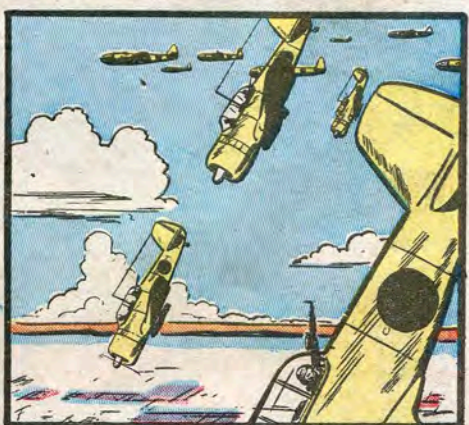
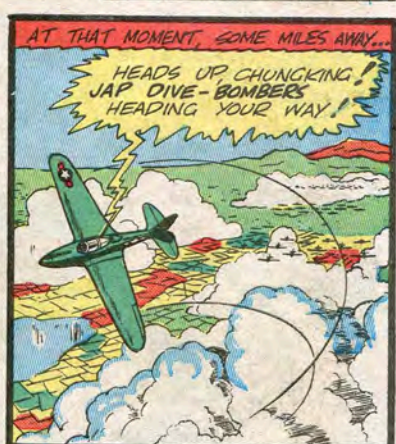


IN THE HEART OF FIGHTING CHINA AMERICA'S 14TH ARMY AIR FORCE BASES ITS JAP. SMASHING PLANES AND WITH THE 14TH ARMY AIR FORCE IS AN UGLY LITTLE MAN KNOWN AS THE "GREMLIN" BECAUSE OF HIS UNFORTUNATE HABIT OF MESSING UP AIRCRAFT... AND THIS IS THE STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SKYMAN WHEN JESTING FATE WISHED THE "GREMLIN" ON HIM!



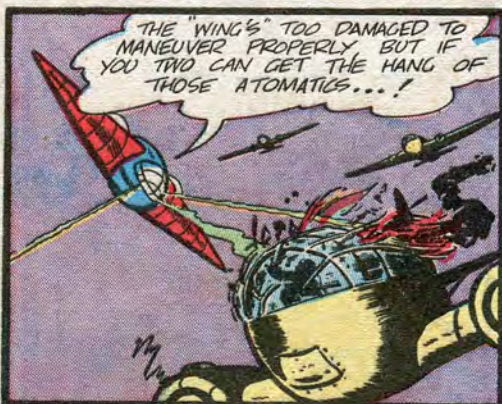


# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT

I GOT ONE!  
I GOT ONE!

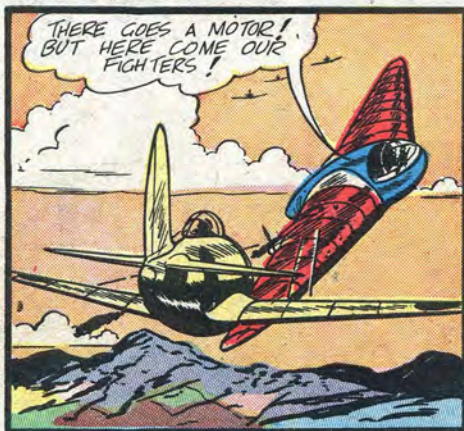


FIGHTERS ON  
OUR NECKS!

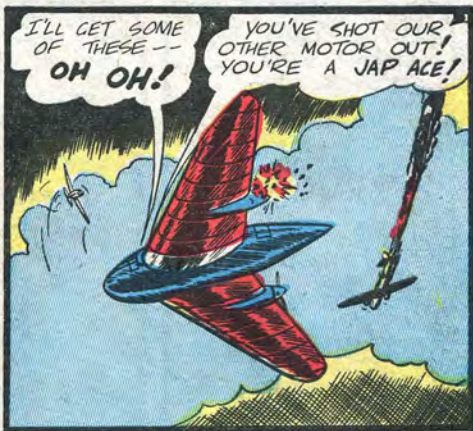


I CAN'T HIT  
NUTTIN' WITH  
THIS SILLY  
GADGET!

DON'T AIM  
THAT RAY  
SO CLOSE  
TO THE  
WING, YOU  
IDIOT!

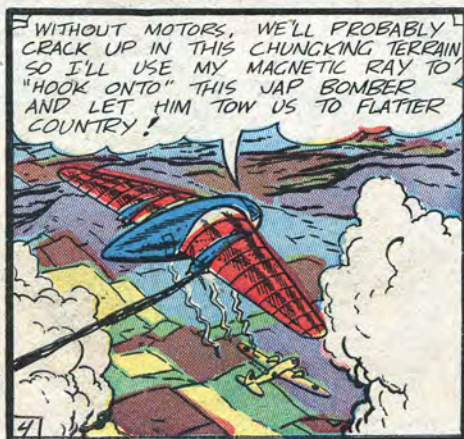


THERE GOES A MOTOR!  
BUT HERE COME OUR  
FIGHTERS!



I'LL GET SOME  
OF THESE --  
OH OH!

YOU'VE SHOT OUR  
OTHER MOTOR OUT!  
YOU'RE A JAP ACE!



WITHOUT MOTORS, WE'LL PROBABLY  
CRACK UP IN THIS CHUNCKING TERRAIN  
SO I'LL USE MY MAGNETIC RAY TO  
"HOOK ONTO" THIS JAP BOMBER  
AND LET HIM TOW US TO FLATTER  
COUNTRY!

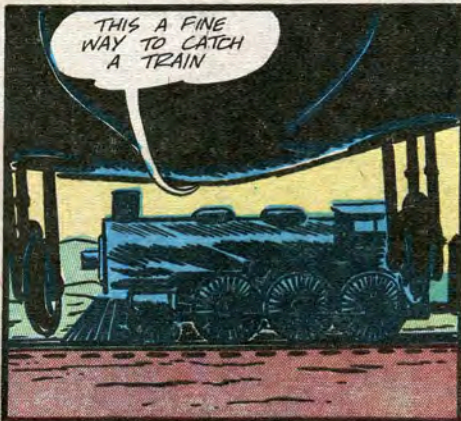
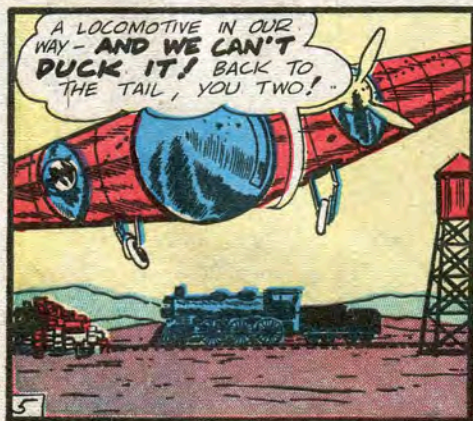
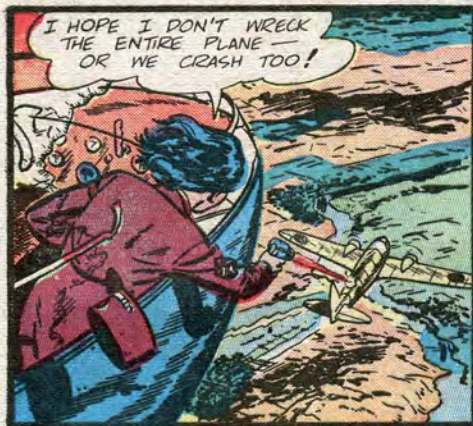


GREMLIN!  
SKYMAN'S  
HIT!

GREMLIN!  
SKYMAN'S  
HIT!

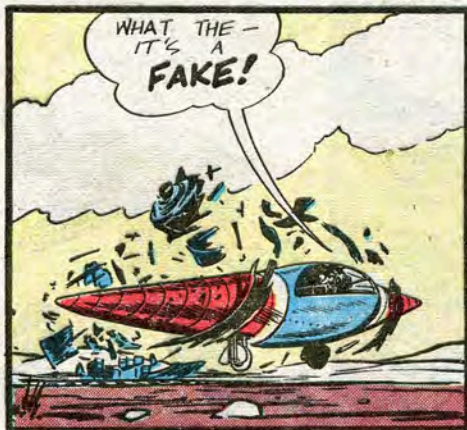


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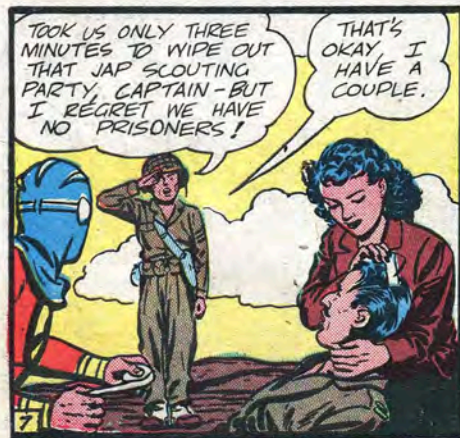


# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT





# ACTION

*that's what counts!*

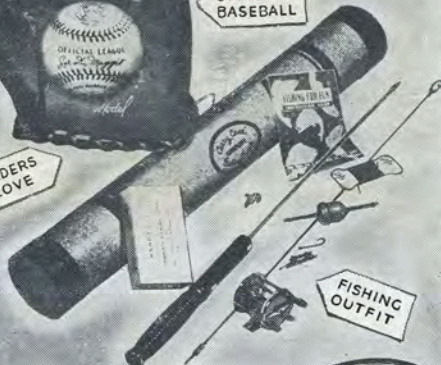


5-POWER  
SPYGLASS



OFFICIAL  
BASEBALL

FIELDS  
GLOVE



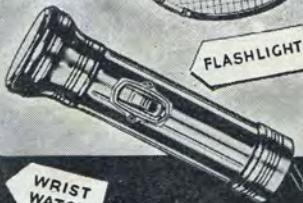
FISHING  
OUTFIT



TENNIS  
RACKET



FLASHLIGHT



WRIST  
WATCH

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